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THE
PROLOGUE
TO
CALISTHO,
WITH THE
CHORUS
BETWEEN THE
ACTS.

Prologue to Crowne's Calisto.



LONDON,
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THE
PROLOGUE
OF
CATHARTIC
WITH THE
CHORUS
BETWEEN THE
ACTS.

[Faint, illegible markings]

NOV 10 1967

PROLOGUE.

The Curtain is drawn up, and there appears a Nymph leaning on an Urne, representing the River Thames, attended by two Nymphs, representing Peace and Plenty: Near her are the four Parts of the World seeming to make offerings to Her: On the opening of the Scene, lamenting voices are heard on both sides of the Theatre, at which, the Nymph of the River seems affrighted.

Voices within. *Fly, Fly, Help, Oh! Help or we dye.*

Tha. **W**Hat mournful cries are these on ev'ry side!
The Winds waft nothing to this Island o're

But the complainings of some Neighbr'ing Shore,
And all the Ecchoes are in groans employ'd.

The fair * *Augusta* too, I weeping see,

Though none so fair, so rich, so great as She;

* London
anciently so
called.

Alas! my Fears encrease:

You gentle Nymphs of Plenty and of Peace,

A 2

Shall

Shall now go seek some other Shore.
And you that with your Presents wait,

Shall bring your gifts no more.

Plen. I to no other Dwelling will betake,

Pea. Thy beautious Streams I never will forsake,

Euro. And we our Presents still will make.

Om. We our presents still will make.

Ple. Thy stores with all my Plenty shall be fill'd.

Pea. My Halcion on thy Banks her Nest shall build.

Eur. Thou shalt in all my noblest Arts be skill'd.

Asi. My Jewels shall adorn no Brow but Thine.

Amer. Thy Lovers in my Gold shall shine.

Afri. Thou for thy Slaves, shalt have these

Scorched Sons of mine.

Pea. }
Plen. } Thy beautious streams we never will forsake.

Euro. {
Asi. {
Afr. { And we our presents still will make.
Amer. {

Om. We our presents still will make.

Pea. What should so much Beauty fear,

Round this Isle the Heavens appear

Like your own streams, all undisturb'd and clear:

Tba.

Tha. These beauntious Nymphs unfrightned too,
Not minding what on other Shores they do,

Their innocent delights pursue.

Pea. See, They (void of grief or fear)

Come to entertain you here.

Enter Nymphs, who Dance, and go off.

Tha. Oh! now my Spirits I recover,
I've wak'd the *Genius* of this Isle, my War-like Lover.

Enter the Genius of England.

Gen. What cries are these disturb my pleasing Rest?

Tha. 'Tis I, (my Love) 'tis I, thy ayde request.

Gen. Is it my Nymph, what dost thou fear?

Tha. Does not my Love sad cries round him hear?

Gen. Wilt thou thy fear at every shriek proclaim?

Tha. Am I alone to blame?

Do you not see *Augusta*, rich and fair,
(Though to her Lap, I all my Treasure bear)

Will for no comfort stay her Tears?

Augusta is inclin'd to fears.

Be she full, or be she wayning,
Still *Augusta* is complaining.

Give her all you can to ease Her,

You shall never, never please Her.

Gen. These fears do not belong to Her nor You;

Europe only should lament,

The Nymphs of his fair Continent.

Some Gyants now pursue.

But this sweet Isle no Monster can invade.

Tha. Oh send those poor distressed Nymphs some Aid.

Eur. From the mild power of this happy place.

Who is inclin'd,

To make the World as peaceful as his mind,

They have already gain'd the grace:

Two Heroes of his own celestial Race

Are sent; the one to Triumph o're the Seas,

And all the watery Divinities.

The other, Monsters of the Land to quell,

And make the Nymphs in safety dwell.

Gen. The first, in War has all perfections gain'd,

That can by humane nature be attain'd :

The

The second promises, to be
All that in the first we see.

Eur. Mars to the first does all his glory lend:
The second Beauty, Youth, and Love attend.

Gen. Both in high perfections shine:
Valour, Glory, race Divine:
Wait a while, and you shall see
Both return with Victory.

Pea. Hark, hark; the Triumph's near;
And see! they both already crown'd appear.

T

*Enter One crown'd with a Naval Crown,
attended by Sea-gods and Tritons.*

Rejoyce you watry Deities:

The mighty Monsters of the Seas,
This valiant Prince has slain.

The God of this fair Isle shall now,
Command (as all his Right allow)

The Empire of the Mayne.

Enter

*Enter one Crown'd with a Mural Crown,
attended by Warriours.*

Ye Gods and Nymphs of Plains and Groves;
Of Springs and Streams, enjoy your Loves:

This youthful *Hero* has subdu'd,

The Satyrs now of ev'ry Wood:

Has kill'd or ta'n e'm all for Slaves,

And chac'd the Gyants from their Caves.

Cho. of all. Let us both their praises sing,

Whilst we both in Triumph bring,

Let us all contend to grace e'm.

With our loud, and joyfull'st thanks,

Whilst upon the flow'ry banks,

Of this beautilous Nymph we place e'm.

*Two Entries are Danc'd: One of Sea-gods
and the other of Warriours.*

Gen. Now welcom Heroes to my blest abode,
And to my Nymph below'd by ev'ry God.

Tha. Welcom to my Love and me,
Now we all shall happy be.

Cho. Now we all shall happy be.

A Temple of Fame appears.

Ple. Now you whose valour gives the World repose,
See what Fame on you bestows.

Her shining Temple shall preserve your names,
And thence her Trumpet your renown proclaims.

Gen. To our Divinity now let us go,
And at his Feet your Crowns and Trophies throw.

Eur. I will my thanks in Offerings proclaim.

Afr. I'll lend you Spice.

Amer. I Gold.

Afr. And I the same.

Tha. I'll be your Guide.

My Streams beneath his Palacé slide.

There it is not far before you,
Pleasure, Arts, Religion, Glory,
Warm'd by his propitious Smile,
Flourish there, and bless this Isle.

Gen. But stay! what wonder does my Spirit seize?

*Turning to
the King
and Queen*

See! here are both the great Divinities.

Tha. The God and Goddess too of this bless'd Isle!
Chast Beauty in her aspect shines,
And Love in his does smile.

Gen. Quickly (*Heroes*) as 'tis meet,
 Throw your Trophies at their Feet.
 Fall down, and adore e'm.
 Whilst with speed we hither call,
 The Gods of neighbor'ing Groves, and all
 Their Nymphs to dance before e'm.

Enter Rural Gods and Nymphs, and Dance.

When the Prologue is done, and all gone off the Stage,
 Enter Two, who sing this Song.

*Now for the Play, the Prologue is done,
 The Dancing is o're, and the Singers are gone.
 The Ladies so fine, and so fair it surpasses,
 Are dress'd, and have all tak'n leave of their glasses.
 Where are the Slaves should make ready the Stage?
 Here, here are the slaves should make ready the Stage.
 An Entry of Carpenters.*

*The Song to the Minoret, Danced in the Prologue, to be
 sung by Shepherds.*

Happy we Swaines, who are young and have leisure,
 And but the wit our advantage to know.
 We do not need either Fortune or Treasure,
 Love and Delight with the youthful will go.
 Coyest

Coyest of Nymphs may be won to the pleasure,
 By Shepherds who love, and have youth to bestow.
 Then whilst we are young, let's to pleasure betake us,
 Each Swain with his Nymph, and each Nymph with
 her Swain
 Embrace, and be happy as Loving can make us,
 And so make the most of our youth that we can.

Chorus after the First Act.

Enter Strephon, Corydon, Daphne, Sylvia.
Cho. of Shepherds.

Str. Hark, hark, I hear the merry Hunters Horn,
Cory. The sound from yonder Hill by winds is born.
Daph. Diana, and her Nymphs are all that way
 A Hunting gone
Syl. So soon e're break of day.

Let e'm let e'm go.

Chor. Lovers, better pleasures know.

Stre. Let the cold Nymphs run dabling in the Dew,
 Kind Love to warmer pleasures us invites

Daph. I do not envy their delights,
 Whilst my dear *Strephon* does continue true.

Cor. Whilst thus severe my *Sylvia* does remain,
I envy not the Hunters, but the slain.

Sylv. Poor *Corydon*, thy flame remove;

I pity thee, but cannot love.

Yet I own, I have something in every Vein;
Which moves me to Love, could I meet with a Swain,
Who were to my mind, and would love me again.

Str. See Shepherds the day is begun :

Come, with our sports let's welcom the Sun.

Shepherds Dance to this following Song.

Sylv.

Kind Lovers, Love on,

Least the World be undone,

And Mankind be lost by Degrees.

For if all from their Loves,

Should go wander in Groves,

There soon would be nothing but Trees.

Exeunt omnes.

Chorus

Chorus after the Second Act.

Enter *Strephon, Corydon, Daphne, Sylvia,*
Chorus of Shepherds. The Scene near
 the Vale, whither the Winds carryed
Calistho.

Cho. Come Shepherds, quickly hasten to the shades,
 The Sun with all his force the Air invades.

Sylv. The open plains let us forsake,
 Here is a Grove will pity of us take.
 The Trees in gentle whisperings invite us,
 Here are all things to delight us.

Str. These pleasures none can well improve,
 But we (my Shepherdess) who love.

Daph. These pleasures none can well improve,
 But we (my dearest Swain) who love.

Corid. Oh happy Shepherds, and kind Shepherdess,
 Whom all the Gods, above expression bless.

Here *Sylvia* cruel, I forlorn,
 Torment our selves each day.
 Whilst I with grief, and she with scorn,
 Wast all our youth away.

Sylvia

Sylv. Alas poor Shepherd ! the fault is not mine,
That to thy passion I do not incline,
I wish thy love and desert were more moving,
For I confess I fain would be loving.

She pauses and starts.

What (on the suddain) do I ayle ?
Gentle winds from yonder Vale,
On the suddain warm my Heart.
Sylv. Oh ! I'm wounded : Oh ! I smart.

Enter Cupids.

Sire. Sure some God is here descended,
With a Train of Loves attended.
Sylv. Oh ! I'm wounded : Oh ! I Love.
This is some enchanted Grove.
Cho. This is some enchanted Grove.

Cupids Dance, and go off.

Stre. Oh ! my Soul is in a flame.
Daph. I must fly or lose my Fame;
Cor. O what raging Passions fill me !
Love me *Sylvia* now, or kill me.

Sylv.

Sylv. Oh! I love, and long to shew it,
But my Shepherd shall not know it.

Stre. Oh! my *Daphne*! now, or never,

Daph. *Strephon*, fly my sight for ever.

Corid. I can no longer *Sylvia* wait thee,

Sylv. *Corydon*, be gone, I hate thee.

Chor. Curse on this enchanted Grove.

We are all undone with Love.

We are all undone with Love.

Fly from this enchanted Grove.

Exeunt omnes.

Chorus after the Third Act.

Sylv. *Corydon* is a noble Swain,

And too long has felt disdain.

But since scorn I once did show,

My Love I'm too proud to let him know.

Daph. Ah *Sylvia*! *Sylvia*! my Heart (like yours)

Pain from foolish Pride endures.

I angry with *Strephon* to day did appear,

And now long to reconcile:

Yet in pride for a time will seem severe,

Though it breaks my Heart the while.

Enter

Enter Strephon, Corydon, Chorus of Shepheards.

Daphne and Sylvia offer to go as they Enter.

Stre. Oh whither does my lovely *Daphne* fly?

Cory. How long will *Sylvia Corydon* deny?

Daph. It is will my kindness to remove:

Sylv. And I shall never, never Love.

Daphne and Sylvia *Exeunt.*

Stre. Oh! what has chang'd my *Daphne's* mind?

Cho. Oh false, and cruel Woman-kind!

1 Shep. Come Shepheards do not complain.

See, see yonder a merry Train,

Of Gypsies dancing over the Plain.

Call e'm straight, call e'm straight to comfort these
poor Swains.

An Entry of Gypsies.

No longer complain,

If your Loves shew disdain,

Be proud, and disdain e'm again.

The Fools you will find

Will be glad to be kind,

When they once are despised by the Men.

Gypsies go off.

1 Shep.

1 *Shep.* Hark, hark! in yonder woods the Satyrs play,
 The Ecchoes bring their laughs this way.
 They with some pleasant sport are pleas'd.
 The wanton Demy-beasts some Nymphs have seiz'd.

Enter two Shepherds.

Laugh Shepherds, Laugh and sing.
 Joyful Tydings now we bring.
 The fair *Calistho* is disgrac'd;
 Gods and Mortals hate the Chast.

An Entry of Satyrs:

Stre. All this to me but little ease does give,
Coryd. All joys are dead to me, why do I live?
Stre. In death alone we ease shall find.
Coryd. In death alone we ease shall find.
Chor. of all. Oh false and cruel Woman-kind!

Exeunt omnes.

Chorus

*Chorus in the Fourth Act.**Enter Daphne and Sylvia.*

Daph. Oh ! whither are our poor despairing Lover,
I fear I have my *Strephon* slain, [gone ?

Sylv. And I my *Corydon*.

Daph. Oh my sorrow ! Oh my pain !

Could I my *Strephon* find :

Could I my dearest *Strephon* find :

I'd never be unkind :

I'd never be unkind to him again.

Sylv. And I, my Love would passionately own,

Could I find my *Corydon*.

Daph. Do I Dream ? Do I Rave ?

Look towards yonder Cave.

Sylv. Our Shepheards come from yonder Cave.

Daph. } Our Shepheards come from yonder Cave.
Sylv. }

Sylv. From empty pride I'll be free,

It shall bring no more mischief upon me,

Since I Love as well as he,

I'll not hazard my joy,

In being foolishly coy,

It had like to have undone me. *Daphne.*

Daphne and Sylvia go and meet Strephon and Corydon: each brings in her Shepherd.

Daph. Dear *Strephon*, give despairing o're,
Unkindnesses are gone,
I never will be cruel to thee more.

Sylv. Nor I to *Corydon*.

Cory. O what kind God does *Sylvia's* hate remove?

Str. And made at length my *Daphne* grateful prove?

Sylv. The God of Love.

Daph. The God of Love.

Sylv. { The gentle God of Love.

Daph. {

Coryd. Oh happy Tydings!

Stre. Blessed hour!

Ever kind and gentle Pow'r.

Cory. Ever kind and gentle Pow'r.

Enter Chorus of Shepherds, follow'd by Bacchusses.

Char. Joy Shepherds Joy! *Diana's* disgrac'd,
Love has had to day Revenge on the Chast.

The Bacchusses here our mirth to improve,
 Come hither to follow the Triumphs of Love.
 No mirth without Bacchus, nor joy without
 (Love.

An Entry of Bacchusses.

After the Dance.

Cor. Since all our grief thus joyfully ends,
~~Let~~ each Shepherdes make her Shepherd amends.
 To the Temple let's go,
 And then we will show,
 What every Lover, by Loving intends.

Exeunt omnes.

Chorus after the Fifth Act.

Enter Strephon, Corydon, Daphne, Sylvia, Chorus
 of Shepherds, *as from the Temple.*

Cho. Happy Lovers! happy Live,
 And all the Gods their blessings give.

Cor. Lead along, and with Delight,
 Let us hasten on the Night.

Enter

Enter two African Women.

Stre. What Vision's this is come to greet us?

Cory. See! the Night is come to meet us.

1. Afr. Stay gentle Swains be not afraid,
To see our Faces hid in shade.

We, but lately, were as fair,
As your Shepheardests are.

Did not a frantick youth of late,
O'reset the Chariot of the Sun?

Cory. He did, and his deserved Fate
He met when he had done.

1. Afr. It is he that hath undone us:

He pow'r'd whole streams
Of melting Beams,

Red, and glowing hot upon us.

And now we range the World around,
To see if our lost Beauty can be found.

Enter

Enter a Third African Woman.

3 *Afr.* Rejoyce, Rejoyce : our Beauty's found,
 Our lovely White and Red,
 To two chast Nymphs of *Cynthia's* Train is fled.
 And they must Stars be crown'd :
 And now instead of what we sought,
 Our black with us must fair be thought.

All three. } This happy Fate, who could Divine ?
 } Our Beauty then in Heav'n must shine.

1 *Afr.* No losers we shall prove,
 By parting with our Red and White ;
 If Black will serve the turn of Love ;
 For Beauty's made for Loves delight.

4 *Afr.* See ! See ! the Nymphs are coming here.
Sylv. But Oh ! what glorious Apparition's near ?
 The Clouds amazing Glories gild :
 All the Clouds with Gods are fill'd.
 And all the Gods appear.

Calistho

*Calistho and Nyphe enter under a Canopy,
supported by Africans ; Immediately
upon their entrante a Heav'n is discover'd,
fill'd with Gods and Goddesses.*

**The whole, concludes with an Entry of
Africans, and this Song.**

*Daph. Must these be Starrs ? and to Heaven remove,
Before they have tasted the pleasures of Love.
That the Gods so ill, such Beauty should use !
What mighty Cost must Nature loose ?*

*Syl. I cannot so much Beauty show,
But what I have, I'll better bestow.
Not upon Gods, or Glories above,
Or empty Renown, but Pleasure and Love.
All pleasure but Love, from our Hearts we'll be chasing,
We'll kindle our selves into Starrs with embracings.
We'll every moment our pleasures renew,
Our Loves shall be flaming, and lasting and true.*

F I N I S.

Calisto and Nymphs enter under a canopy,
 supported by Africans: Immortal
 upon their entrance a Heaven is disco-
 ver'd fill'd with Gods and Goddesses.

The whole concludes with an Entry of
 Africans, and this Song.

Daughters, mine eyes be Stars, and to Heaven remove
 His eyes be Stars, and to Heaven remove
 Then the Gods to fill, each Beauty should we
 What mighty God with Nature looks
 Spill I cannot so much Beauty from
 But what I have, 'tis better bestow
 Not upon Gods, or Glories above,
 Or empty Favour, but Pleasure and Love.
 All pleasure but Love from our Hearts will be chasing
 We'll kindle our selves into Stars with embracing
 We'll every moment our pleasures venture
 Our loves shall be flames, and living and true.

F I N I S